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THE SPIRITUAL TIMES

DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND PRACTICAL USES
OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

PROVE ALL THINGS, HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS SHAPES THE LIFE THAT IS TO BE.

EDITED BY J. H. POWELL.

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Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

BLIND TOM.

Blind Tom the musical prodigy is now in England. Having read of his extraordinary powers in American Journals, we were glad to accept tickets to a private *Soiree*, which took place at the Hanover-square rooms, on Wednesday evening, July 18. The audience was a most numerous and fashionable one as might be expected.

The appearance of Tom on the stage, was quite a novelty to Englishmen, who are accustomed to see made-up negroes going through certain dumb motions, but regular born darkies are rarities on the English stage. Tom was introduced by an American gentleman, who has attended him through his musical pilgrimage from his childhood. But our readers we opine want to know something of Tom, and can afford to await further particulars of his introducer. Well, we will proceed with our description. Blind Tom is a little over seventeen years of age, he measures about five feet seven inches, and weighs nearly 150 pounds. He was born a slave on a Georgia plantation, and from this circumstance alone must be considered a prodigy. When he was only four years of age, we are told that he heard for the first time, his young mistress play on the piano, and such was the effect upon Tom that after the young lady had retired he rushed to the instrument and struck off a similar strain to the one he had heard. From this trifling incident commenced the musical career of Tom.

Blind Tom, as he is termed, is not quite blind, for he can see the sun when it shines or the gas-lights when in full glare, but all minute objects are to him invisible. It will be seen therefore that Tom's eyes are of no service to him in his musical performances. He is neither handsome nor graceful, and we feel sure that no Physiognomist would pronounce him an adept at the piano without hearing him play. Fowler and Wells' have examined his head, and decided favourably of him. Another Phrenologist pronounces him a perfect idiot. Who is to decide when Phrenologists differ? Perhaps the expression used by the gentleman who introduces Tom that he is nondescript, is the best we can give to convey our impression of him.

The first piece Tom played, "Home, Sweet Home," was executed well. It might have been played better by Professional players, but it was well received. The marvel is not in the fact, that a blind person can play sweetly, when he has been carefully trained, because it is admitted that the loss of one sense intensifies the power of the other senses, hence, hearing and touch in a blind pianist, must be exquisitely sensitive, or his performances, would be of a mediocre compass. But the marvel in Blind Tom's musical performances is that he has never been taught, and it is said cannot be taught to play by the rules of Art.

Let us proceed, Tom rose from the piano, and caused some merriment by clapping his hands in imitation of the applause of the audience. "The Old Sexton," by Henry Russel, was played and sung by Tom, who has a strong and rather hard voice, and was well received. But the most interesting and at the same time astounding performance of the evening we will briefly describe. An invitation was given to any gentleman in the audience to test Tom's ability to reproduce tunes. After some delay and a little coaxing, a Mr. Foyd mounted the rostrum, and in a very able manner struck off a piece with variations. Tom sat down to the instrument, and lo! the same piece in all its details, as far as we could judge was produced by him, but with a heavier touch. Mr. Foyd sat down again and played another piece, which was equally well imitated by Tom. We have not space to describe minutely the entire programme of the evening. Tom played three melodies, at once, singing one of them, "Early in the Morning". He played with the left hand Thalberg's arrangement of "Lily Dale," and during the evening amused the audience singing notes without the aid of the piano.

It is no matter of speculation with us, how Tom will be received. If he is put forward as a prodigy, "a genius" &c, many will marvel at his powers, and be willing to look upon him as a black phenomenon—a freak of Nature. But should he be put forward as a spiritual medium, he may as well return to America, for England is not prepared to accept such "bosh." However here he is, blind enough to be unable to see the keys of his instrument, ignorant enough to be incapable of being taught anything by the acknowledged methods of teaching, and yet he is as it were animated with music. How will the scientific men treat Tom? Will they politely call him an impostor, say that he is a cultivated musician, and refuse all evidence to the contrary? Had they not better say at once, that Tom is no slave native of Georgia, but a real white, painted black. Putting theory on one side, we have in Tom a living wonder. His memory, if it be himself alone, that reproduces the most difficult pieces after once hearing them, surpasses everything of the kind of which we have any knowledge. Tom would be a study for Stokes.

SPIRITUALISM UNDER REVIEW IN WILTSHIRE

During the last few weeks two of the Wiltshire papers have been making capital out of Spiritualism. The "North Wilts Herald," has opened its columns to a series of papers written by a gentleman signing himself C., entitled "Evenings in the spirit circle." As far as C. has yet gone, he has shown a disposition to treat the subject philosophically, and he has faithfully described a visit he paid with us to Miss Cogman. M. S. M. writes, "My experiences of Spiritualism," in the "Wilts and Gloucester Standard," and treats the subject in a spirit of banter, describing imaginary *séances* with mediums, and employing all his resources of wit, to bring odium upon the Spiritualists, whilst he does not even fail to be a little personal to C.

We find too, a letter from a "Free thinker," in the "North Wilts Herald" of July, 21st., denouncing C. as an idiot, and Spiritualists as impostors. So that C. is in a hot bed of opposition. Will he continue to brave the fire of such free "tinkers" as the one who writes to the "North Wilts Herald?" We shall see. Had the letter we speak of been written with modesty, we should probably have transferred it to our columns, but as it belongs to that class of literature which deals liberally in scandal and abuse, we shall not waste our space by giving it a place.

Occasionally a modest and clever opponent rises up, but very rarely. When one makes his appearance, we shall deem it a pleasure, as far as our powers will enable us, to "mete out to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. All we need say to these Wiltshire gentleman, who think C. is insane, and mediums impostors, is, go-a-head, knocking your hard heads against the still harder facts of Spiritualism, your heads will crack in time, if they are not cracked already, and you may yet be grateful to Spiritualism the healer for making them whole again.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Since taking the "Spiritual Times" to ourself, we can conscientiously say, that we have never for an instant allowed difficulty and at times arduous toil to interrupt us in the work we have undertaken. More than two years previous experience had taught us what to expect in the way of difficulty and trial, and we put our hands firmer to the plough, determined that the "Spiritual Times" should not die whilst we could keep it alive. We have, as most of our readers know, been most liberally aided by some few friends who believe we are doing a useful work, but at times we are sorely tried nevertheless. The other week we were much perplexed how we should meet the current expenses, when a letter from India reached us, from a gentleman whose name was utterly unknown to us, stating that he received the "Spiritual Times" regularly through his London agent, and that we were to write to a lady in Scotland in his name for £5 towards its support. Materialists may call this little gratifying incident chance, we call it Providence, and can recognize the work of the good angels therein.

SPIRITUALISM.

The "Banner of Light," July 14th. reproduces our article on "Spiritualism" as an answer to the oft-repeated question, "What is Spiritualism?" The Editor adds these pointed remarks—

"What the world most needs are the great facts in connection with Spiritualism. We tell mankind that the dead live—that they are in *rapport* with those they love, the same as when living in the form. We know what we aver. All who seek in a spirit of truth, can be fully satisfied of direct spirit communion. Is not this a blessed knowledge? Oh, mortals why will ye tarry on the way? "Ask, and it shall be given;" "Seek and ye shall find." Myriads of disembodied spirits are anxiously knocking for entrance at the hearts of their dear ones yet upon the earth! They have glad tidings to bring of the life beyond the grave. But those in mortal who are enshrouded in the sombre garb of Theology, listen not to their appeals, and these dear ones over the river retire in sadness to await a more opportune moment to enable them to hold communion. They are solicitous that you know of the life to which you are rapidly tending; and they would not have you through ignorance, go unprepared. Come to the fountain of living waters and sip your fill. None will go away thirsty. There is amply enough for all. Spiritualism is the "bread of life," feed no longer, then, on the dry husks of Old Theology."

We have good reason to believe that Dr. J. B. Ferguson will re-visit England in November next. Should he come, many of his old friends will be glad to welcome him.

Mr. Cooper has returned to the Davenport. He sends us a brief account of their doings; but it has reached us too late for insertion.

CHILD PRODIGES.

There is nothing more beautiful than childhood. Nothing on this earth which brings the human nearer the angelic. We love to sit and hear the innocent prattle of a child—to watch its guileless nature unfold like the petals of a flower, and especially to learn wisdom from its simplicity. There are many, very many things, as parents, we can do to give happiness to our children, but there is the danger of spoiling them by misdirected kindness. It is sad to think of the thousands of children who never know the divine pleasures of childhood, their circumstances or parents surrounding them with care and misery. How the heart aches to read the accounts in public prints of child-beating, and yet, horrible as such brutality is, what is it compared with the conditions which rob the innocents of childhood, and make their young years heavy with sin and shame? We look at things superficially and make sad mistakes in consequence. Could we but feel the necessity of giving children food for the soul as well as the body, much of the cruelty practised upon children would be at an end.

Many parents look for prodigies in their children, and if nature fail to make them such, try the effect of Art. Hence at a very early period the little children are crammed with spelling, summing and reading, and are rewarded by the smiles of their parents at every mental triumph they achieve; but at what a sacrifice! The exercise and interesting play, so necessary to children's health, must be dispensed with, and all for the sake of making knowledge-boxes of mere babes.

Children require to exercise every muscle of the body, and to be surrounded by all gentle influences, to make them truly realize child-lives. Development, physical and mental, cannot be forced without endangering the subject. Wisdom dictates that the equilibrium of the entire system be sustained and that can only be done by parents being patient, and waiting on nature, instead of attempting to force the production of child prodigies.

Under the title of "Paradoxical Psychology" we find an able article in the journal of "Psychological Medicine, and Mental Pathology," edited by Forbes Winslow, M.D. D.C.L. We extract some passages which will afford our readers an idea of the whole paper. Spiritualists are often told that they are fit subjects for Forbes Winslow, meaning that Spiritualism is synonymous with madness. In this paper we have the subject of Spiritualism treated with fairness and philosophical acumen. Although here and there we detect the bias of the writer, which, although against us, is not put forth to an obnoxious degree. It would take more space than we have at our disposal, to summarise the conclusions of the writer. We are pleased however, to quote from so able an authority.

THE KINGSTON MEDIUM.

We hear great things of the little Boy-medium Turkentine. The spirits it appears who have occasionally manifested to the astonishment of all who have had the privilege of witnessing the phenomena, have now taken a musical turn. Mr. Champernowne must be a good natured man, for when he is told to get a certain instrument he straightway goes and purchases it. We understand that no less than fourteen musical instruments have been played upon at different times by the invisibles. Lately a banjo and several instruments were all played vigorously at once.

We have not been privileged to sit with the boy of late, but this we know, that the uncle's enthusiasm is unabated. With the direct writing and spirit photographs, (specimens of which we have seen), which, with other phenomena have during the period of little Turkentine's mediumship been given as evidences of immortal life at Kingston, we should think Mr. Champernowne and his circle, ought to be quite satisfied.

HOMELY HOMILIES.

By J. H. POWELL.

NO. 2.—CHARITY.

PART. 1.

Oh, Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

I. Cor. XIII. chap. ver. I.

Of all diadems worn by the proudest of earth's children, none are so perfectly brilliant as that of Christianity, and of all the gems set in the diadem of Christianity none are more perfectly brilliant than that of Charity.

Faith is a gem, Hope is a gem, each essential to the spirit's progress, but Charity is the gem of gems—it is the chief—it is Love, the centre and life of Religion. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Though I ascend to the topmost round of the ladder of learning, though kings honour me, nations worship me for my attainment, yet if I lack Charity "I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," like mercy, "it is twice blessed, it blesseth him that gives and him that receives." Charity, the queenliest of the graces, "doth not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." There is nothing plainer and more beautiful than this in the *New Testament*. It needs no learned divine to explain, it is clear to the understanding of the simplest child. Charity is an angel sent down from Heaven to lead us to God. Where Charity abideth not, there Selfishness or the devil dwells.

Faith, Hope, Charity, are not only the graces of Christianity, they are agencies or principles in the formation of character. Charity cannot exist without Hope, nor can Hope exist without Faith. As Hope is the child of Faith, Charity is the child of Love. Charity and Hope, like flowers drawing life from the sun, draw holiness from Heaven.

In the degree in which the world has disregarded the angel voices of Truth, and as a consequence unheeded Charity, it has gone head-long into War and become involved in its consequences. Either Peace or War, Love or Hate, will hold the reigns of human conduct. We are so constituted, that we cannot live and be neutral, although we determine to be so. "He that is not against us is for us," is a truism too palpable to be overlooked. Either a man loves truth or he clings to error—either he is to a degree charitable or uncharitable. I do not infer that a man must give away all his possessions, or the spirit of Charity abideth not in him. "Charity seeketh not her own, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil." To be neutral in our actions, selfishness and Charity must be far from us. We cannot serve "God and Mammon" at the same time. I would that the spirit of Charity were more with us than it is. We meet profession where we have a right to expect practice. Christianity has a name it is true, but very little place in the great human heart. The reason of this I believe, is owing mostly to the shameless hypocrisy of many who presume to be its expounders. Look at the sects of Christendom at this hour, and say what attracts the eyes most? Is it not "Profession?" I know there exist men and women in and out of the churches, whose lives bear testimony to the sanctifying power of Christian Faith, were this not so, I could have little faith in the practicability of Christianity after a trial of nearly 2000 years. But seeing alas! a devout worship of Formalism, and an almost utter forgetfulness of Charity, without which, all devoutness is as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." I cannot evade the inference. Had the sects aimed at simplifying, instead of mystifying the teachings of Jesus, and above all, had they made it imperative on each and all of their members to be *Charitable* and live their faith, how fruitful for good might they not have been?

The Religious world is so heavily hampered by self-interests and ceremonies which appertain mostly to the external, that there is little room for the modest virtues which grace the life of the true christian. "We cannot worship God and Mammon" at the same time. Neither can we worship the outward observances of any or all churches, and at the same time give up our whole soul to the Great Spirit. Christianity is neither a bundle of clothes nor a well-bound book of nummeries, it is neither a pool of water, nor a decanter of wine. But it is a series of the simplest and most loveable teachings which can be comprehended at once by the simplest and the most erudite of earth's children, if they be not too self-wise to appreciate them. If people whilst temporarily indulging in Formalism, would em-

brace the moral teachings of Christ, and so let the letter, or the form, wait upon the spirit, there would be little to complain of, but whilst so many of our Sectaries escape at a bound as it were, from the simple ground of spirit on to the more difficult ground of form, and not only so, but add hypocrisy often to Image Worship, by calling themselves Christians, I can but see much in the churches that may well be pronounced "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Charity is of no sect, yet it is in all sects, confined by none, for like Truth it is related to the Infinite, and consequently obeys the behests of the Universal Power. As Truth waits for no property qualification, before it deigns to enter a human soul, so Charity asks for no pope's consent before it works after its own divine manner. Here we feel the catholic beauty of Christianity, and rejoice in our own freedom of speech to day in consequence of that very catholicity. The "thousand and one sects," that are said to be extant in this century, in spite of all wrangling, jealousy, and uncharitableness, are in themselves standing arguments in favour of the universal beauty of Religion. There is no man, however lowly he may be in worldly position, if he have a heart searching for Divine light, who is prevented from receiving it from the never-failing lamp of spiritual truth. He may if his mind so incline, establish an additional sect to the already numerous sects, that is, if he can inspire others to join him. It may be an infliction on society, that is not a question of mine at present. The fact that he is free to act thus, proves the universal character of the divine truths of Religion—not the divine character of the special sect he might establish.

Charity being related to the Infinite, can only healthily operate by being catholic in its manifestations. This is one of the most essential of the useful things the real Christian must learn. He will then see that to be charitable in its most beautiful sense, he must so to speak, go outside of himself, his home, his chapel, into the great world of Humanity, irrespective of colour or cloth, estate or title, virtue or vice, into it may be the very quagmires of sin, to bestow the liberal gifts of the spirit. That which narrows the work of Faith fences round the habitations of self-elected sects, necessarily cuts off the greater half of the work of Charity. It may look very well in the eyes of a sectionist, to see that he is liberal to the members of his own home or church, but this is not the charity which deserves the name of Christian. True Charity "suffereth long, is not easily provoked to anger." Being divine, it at once associates with the Human, for Divinity itself runs in the veins of Humanity, and Charity performs its highest work, when it ministers to the most ignorant, the most brutal and even the most ungrateful of earth's children, "Christ came to save that which was lost." "There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth" than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. The Christian world, so-termed, has no need to be told these truths, they have formed the standard texts for its sermons, and are often on the lips of its members. But the reason they have not profited from them to the extent they might do, is because they have spoken with the lips that which they rarely treasure in the heart. Charity in its universal sense, is not with them, or there would be little of the bickerings and less of the exclusiveness, which have separated sect from sect, and excited uncharitable and anti-christian feelings in the human breast.

If we take only a brief glance at the history of Religion in this country, we shall find its first pages full of the horrors of bloodshed and plunder. The church, (temporal I mean of course,) holds its title deeds by virtue of the sword and the state. Her priests preached baptism of water, while they themselves, to speak figuratively had baptised in the blood of heretics and martyrs. Where, oh! where, was Charity the sweet child of Christianity then? What hellish mockery of Religion for the saint to wear the surplice of peace over the robes of war. And this is what many of the early churchmen did. The heart sickens as we turn over the leaves of Religious warfare during the past, and we turn to the lessons of love taught by the Saviour, happy to escape to themes more genial and elevating.

A TOAD EMBEDDED.

A toad was recently found embedded in a block of magnesian limestone stratum, at a depth of twenty-five feet from the earth's surface, and eight feet from any spring water vein, at Dyke house quarry, Hartlepool. The cavity was no larger than the animal's body, and presented the appearance of being an exact case of it. The eyes of the singular stranger shone with unusual brilliancy, and it was full of vivacity on its liberation. It appeared when first discovered, desirous to perform the process of respiration, but evidently experienced some difficulty, and the only sign of success consisted of a "barking noise" it continued to make on being touched. Mr. Taylor, an eminent local geologist, gives it as his opinion that the toad must be at least six thousand years old.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death. The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead!

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless Universe
Is life. There are no dead!

HOWELL'S ACCOUNT OF THE APPARITION OF
MR. BARLOW'S HUNTSMAN.—IN WALES.

Last Christmas day, in the morning, Mr. Barlow was visited by a person who had the appearance and dress of his huntsman, who opened his curtains and asked if he meant to hunt that morning, Mr. B. declined, but told the man he might go to such a place where he would probably find a fox. Mrs. B. hearing this conversation as she thought between the huntsman and her husband, she being in a contiguous room, expostulated with Mr. B. for sending out the huntsman on Christmas day. When he went down stairs he found some hounds about, which led him to enquire why the huntsman had left those hounds behind him. The servants said the huntsman had not been there that morning, and that the dogs were all in the kennel. A servant was sent to Narberth, where the huntsman lived, to see whether he had been to Slebech, near the town of Haverforwest, or not. The huntsman's wife both denied the fact, and afterwards fell ill. Mr. Barlow insisted upon the reality of the appearance, and Mrs. B. affirmed that she heard the huntsman talking to her husband.

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

Under this head we shall print all spirit messages that we may consider worthy. Correspondents will please write legibly on one side only of the paper and abbreviate as much as possible. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of spirits either embodied or dis-embodied.

JESSIE.

On the evening of July 24th, after a rest of several months, the spirits again entranced Jessie. We had been so long without a communication, that we began to think that her mediumistic power was entirely at an end, but not so—the following prayer came from her lips as the evidence that spirits talked with her.

Heavenly Father, to Thee Thy children bow with humble submission and true thankfulness. We thank Thee for the many things which Thou hast done for us. We know that we deserve them not, yet in Thy Fatherly goodness—Thy kind forgiving love, Thou dost shower down blessings. Why, we would ask Thee, oh! Father—why—why dost Thou favour one of Thy children more than another? It is Thy will.

Our old friendly spirit Truth and Justice came, and said—

"I would like my dear friend to say a few words, but it is impossible. I wish to speak of the reaper—the reaper—do you understand who and what this reaper is? Sit again and I will tell you what I mean with regard to the reaper.

Question.

"How is it that we have been so long neglected by the spirits? Spirit.

"If you sit and get no manifestation, you are not necessarily neglected. Fancy trying to enter a house full of things; you must first have the room cleared to a mit you, and when you are inside, you will need to arrange things to your taste. So it is with us and your medium. Never feel neglected or desolate. The angels cannot desert you, they are drawn to you by a cord of love, and a desire to teach you, and to raise your thoughts above the earth."

Jessie was immediately influenced by another spirit, purporting to be our own sweet little Marion. The medium personated the child and said:—

"she says, she would love you to see her home, her beautiful teachers, her bright and happy home. You would say, could you see them, oh! that I could be with her and share her pleasures.

When I was a baby, and cried and fretted so, my dada fondled me, and when I died my dada put me into the grave, and his heart was sore. He did not think then, that that little bit of mould in the grave was only the deserted shell of the little spirit which grew and bloomed in Paradise, in that beautiful garden of God, where it blooms and blooms, each day more lovely, under the kind care of its Fatherly Gardener.

So you see that little spark which flew out of that bit of mould, ere you put it into the grave was not as you thought lost. Do you think that it was taken that it might rest in peace and happiness there, knowing that all that loved it were sojourners, panting for a drop of water or a dew-drop from the flower they thought withered; do you think that it could rest contented there? My home is bright, there's not a shadow, not a doubt of any kind, only from the thought of the dear ones left behind. But don't think that it gives us pain and that we don't like to come to earth, for we are always happier when we are permitted to commune with those we have left behind. Each thought, each aspiration, that a spirit inspires, not only does you good, but it comes back to us in blessings.

You are to have peace, joy, and happiness."

A LECTURE UPON THE MIND.

(Through the Mediumship of Richard Wortley.)

The mind of man is a mighty theme to exercise our thoughts upon. It is not a common subject among men, far from it, for they seem to give their mind to anything rather than to the deepest and most important subject of all, which is self-knowledge—self-investigation, or self-learning. "Know thyself" comes echoing from all quarters of the universe. It is not my intention to teach or speak concerning the old method of reading character called "Phrenology" neither is it my wish to occupy your time in quoting from different books upon this subject, if I can summons the intelligence from above, if I can open the avenues of my soul, by an ardent love of truth I shall feel more satisfied, more elevated, and more thankful, feeling confident you will appreciate the novel ideas which I hope to enucleate.

I will say first, that man's mind is too deep to fathom with the sounding lines of our natural senses. Notwithstanding this, we are capable of doing wonders in these days of discovery. I must not enter the great vestibule of mind without casting my eyes above, for I behold angels keeping guard at every corner. I cannot be too cautious, too prayerful or too good, when seeking to enter this great temple of spiritual beauty. What is the basis of all Theological speculation, of all Philosophical investigation, and of spiritual and heavenly revelation, of all worldly deception, of all evil and maddening demonstration, of all knowledge, good and bad, in fact of all human existence?

What is the great and unmistakeable basis? Why? Is not the mind the very foundation from which all happiness springs? Is not the mind the allpowerful principle of man? In fact the mind is the man in every sense of the word. When the mind is gone the man is gone. But it so happens that mind is invisible we only see the effects, the great cause is out of sight, that is it is hidden from our natural vision, but those of you who have studied this subject, have no doubt found something more in man than 'natural vision,' when I try to impress your mind with any particular idea, or when I speak with great emphasis upon any subject, I am then trying to illumine your minds independently of natural vision. It is the impression from natural and spiritual truths, which alone can make us wise, and it is wisdom which I wish to exalt. The mind is not a puppet show. I shall not seek to please you with fanciful and witty sayings, I shall not try to play with your affections by relating some stories, such as do not elevate the mind unto higher spheres, not that I am opposed to such-like mental exercises—far from it, but because I am not in a state for that just now, my intention is if possible to elevate and spiritualize.

(To be continued.)

SYMBOL.

All history falls at last to type and symbol. It is a shadow thrown out on the bosom of the infinite. It gives hint and intimation—it cannot more. It ministers refreshment and impulse; but no richest presence of fellow-soul can satisfy us farther. All we see or know passes; the gorgeous palaces, the cloud-capt towers, melt and flow like the baseless fabric of a dream. Past blooms in the memory an imperishable incarnation; present is transfiguring into shadow, becoming perpetually what past is. A sense of this will sometimes give to one's surroundings an indescribable sacredness. The world seems ethereal and holy. Faces and voices and forms so deeply dear to us, so present and actual, are all shadowy, fleeting away. We see them already as they shall be. How we are admonished to sobriety, tenderness, and a higher purer love! The scene vanishes; let us attach us to substance the friend of our friend. We fasten more upon the imperishable elements. The facts are representative and declarative, the qualities of our friends, the friends themselves are symbolic. Wife, sister, mother, hints and tokens; this presence is a ray from the face of the infinite excellence and love. Form and person depart; but the fact remains, the reality abides and shines like a star in the firmament of our thought, quenchless forever.

REMARKABLE CASE OF TRANCE.—A LADY SEVEN WEEKS WITHOUT FOOD.

In the Twentieth Ward of Brooklyn (U. S.), not very far from what may be termed the Clinton-avenue section of the town, there resides a family consisting of a father, mother, and several children, among them a daughter of nineteen years. The parents are moderately circumstanced, respectable, intelligent, and well connected. This daughter, whose name must be unmentioned here, in deference to the manifest wishes of her relatives, is a fine-looking, capable young lady, and of great apparent promise. She is what may be termed *spirituelle*, with light hair and complexion, a fragile figure, pale countenance, large sparkling eyes, with a forehead and features indicative of thought rather than execution. One day on leaving a car in Fulton-avenue her crinoline caught, and the unfortunate young lady was dragged some thirty or forty feet before she could be relieved from her dangerous position. Occurring just at this critical time was most unfortunate, and almost immediately she was reduced to her present deplorable condition. She is engaged to be married to a wealthy young man, and the ceremony was to have been solemnised this fall; this fact, in connection with her gradual decline, had its effect upon her mind, as she felt that she could not conscientiously assume the duties of a wife. A day or two after the accident she was suddenly seized with spasms, of which she has daily been a victim to the present time. For the last nine weeks she has alternated from a spasm to a trance, and extreme rigidity of the muscles has succeeded their complete relaxation. At first the spasms were not general, but after a day or two the entire body appeared affected. While in these spasms the contortions of the unhappy patient are very violent; it appears at times almost impossible to hold her. Each one is succeeded by a trance of three hours' duration. When some half a dozen of these attacks had passed off, it was discovered that the sight, hearing, and powers of deglutition had departed. This latter deprivation, or inability to swallow, was most serious, as it prevented the administering of medicine or food in the ordinary manner. Although the two avenues of sense—seeing and hearing—were cut off, it was discovered that the interesting patient could see and hear as by second sight, or clairvoyant appreciation. When in the quiet condition of rigidity the patient is in a trance. Her eyes close, the ears are dead to sound, the muscles cease to act, respiration is hardly perceptible, and once or twice a state of ecstasy, indicative of mental unsteadiness, has resulted. These seasons last for four days to two hours each. When in this condition she is powerfully clairvoyant in her faculties. She can tell the time by several watches variously set to deceive her, read unopened letters, decipher the contents of a slate, and repeat what "Mrs. Grundy says," by serving up the gossip of the neighbourhood. She appears to possess the faculty of second sight to a remarkable degree. In this condition she lays herself out straight, folds her arms if able, and stares, in a look of unmeaningness, with calm eternal eyes at the ceiling. During last week the patient fell into a deep trance while sitting in a chair—her head fell back, her limbs straightened out, the hands were clenched in a grip which no power could break, and a cold condition of the body prevailed. Thus she remained—a living corpse—the incarnation of vitlised death—until Saturday morning, when the muscular rigidity ceased, except in her right arm and lower limbs. During all this time she could neither hear, see, feel, taste, nor smell—all the avenues of life and communication were cut off. To test this, the flesh was perforated with pins, knives were used, and the most powerful blisters applied to the cuticle, but without the least visible effect. Last Sunday she had a spasm, but no trance followed. This is viewed as a good sign by the physician, who now dares to hope that the unfortunate young girl may ultimately be restored to a moderate degree of health.

Weekly Times, July 8.

REPRESENTATIVE RELATION.

All things in our experience have representative relation. All our past is a volume crowded with ripe instruction. Every good act is plaudit; every ill, rebuke and condemnation. Experience sets the just values. There is no crucible that melts and dissolves all, like time. So much that seemed so large and important, that our spirits yearned for, and our hands toiled for, sinks to small dimensions seen in the retrospect of the past and so much that seemed little has proved great. When we thought ourselves getting most, we realized least; and when we thought least, there we found most. Time abases the high and exalts the lowly. Continued prosperity, abundant gratification, and earthly possession are seen for the illusive vanity they are, while outward limitation, necessity for labour, resolve, and inner reliance, become glorified, become media through which descend to us the light and fullness of God. How base seems all passion viewed in the past. How pusillanimous that we should have lost our temper and fumed. Occasions that seem at the moment overpowering, taking us from our possession irresistibly, shrink down to trifles and nothing, and we wonder we should ever have been so weak and demented.

PARADOXICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

The Venerable Bede tells us of the holy man Fursey, who "fell into some infirmity of body, and was thought worthy to see a vision from God." This holy man, who lived about A.D. 653, was favoured with certain apocalyptic dreams, and the historian further informs us in regard to him, that "An ancient brother of our monastery is still living, who is wont to declare that a very sincere and religious man told him that he had seen Fursey himself in the province of the East Angles, and heard those visions from his mouth; adding, that though it was a most sharp winter weather, and a hard frost, and the man was sitting in a thin garment when he related it, yet he sweated as if it had been in the greatest heat of summer, either through excessive fear, or spiritual consolation."*

Bede also recounts, among other examples of prophetic power, two instances which occurred, one in a child, the other in a nun, at the point of death.

In the monastery of Barking (A.D. 676) there was a little boy named Esica, who was about three years of age. This child was seized with pestilence, and when dying he called thrice upon one of the consecrated virgins in the monastery "directing his words to her by her own name, as if she had been present, Eadgith! Eadgith! Eadgith! and thus ending his temporal life, entered into that which was eternal. The virgin whom he called, was immediately seized, where she was, with the same distemper, and departing this life the same day on which she had been called, followed him that called her into the heavenly country."†

One of the nuns in the same monastery, being also seized with pestilence, and reduced to extremity, suddenly began about midnight to cry out to those who attended her, requesting them to extinguish the candle that was lighted there; but no one heeded her. Whereupon she said, "I know you think I speak this in a raving fit, but let me inform you it is not so; for I tell you, that I see this house, filled with so much light, that your candle seems to me to be dark." And when still no one regarded what she said, or ventured to answer, she added, "Let that candle burn as long as you will; but take notice, that it is not my light, for my light will come to me at the dawn of day." Then she began to tell, that a certain man of God, who had died that same year had appeared to her, telling her that at the break of day she should depart to the heavenly light. The truth of which vision was made out by the virgin dying as soon as the day appeared."‡

Still more to our purpose is the account which the venerable historian gives of the development of poetic genius in the Anglo-Saxon poet Cædmon, a brother of the monastery of Streaneshalch (Whitby—A.D. 680). "He was wont," writes Bede, "to make pious and religious verses, so that whatever was interpreted to him out of Scripture, he soon after put the same into poetical expressions of much sweetness and humility, in English, which was his native language. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to heaven. Others after him attempted, in the English nation, to compose religious poems; but none could ever compare with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from man, but from God."

* * * * *

"Having done so at a certain time, and gone out of the house where the entertainment was, to the stable, where he had to take care of the horses that night, he there composed himself to rest at the proper time; a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name said, 'Cædmon, sing some song to me.' He answered, 'I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired, to this place, because I could not sing.' The other who talked to him, replied, 'However, you shall sing.' 'What shall I sing?' rejoined he. 'Sing the beginning of created beings,' said the other. Hereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God, which he had never heard. . . . Awakening from his sleep, he remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added much more to the same effect in verse worthy of the Deity.

"In the morning he came to the steward, his superior, and having acquainted him with the gift he had received, was conducted to the abbess, by whom he was ordered in the presence of many learned men, to tell his dream, and repeat the verses, that they might all give their judgment what it was, and whence this verse proceeded. They all concluded that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord. They expounded to him a passage in Holy Writ, either historical or doctrinal, ordering him, if he could, to put the same into verse. Having undertaken it, he went away, and returning the next morning, gave it to them composed in most excellent verse; whereupon the abbess, embracing the grace of God in the man, instructed him to quit the secular habit, and take upon him the monastic

* *Ecclesiastical History of England*, bk. iii. ch. 19. Dr. Giles's ed.
† Bede, *Eccles. Hist.* bk. iv. ch. 8. ‡ *Id.*

life; which being accordingly done, she associated him to the rest of the brethren in her monastery, and ordered that he should be taught the whole series of sacred history."¹

In the fourteenth century, among many mystical enthusiasts Suso is particularly noteworthy. He, it is recorded, was called to a spiritual life by the *Eternal Wisdom* manifesting itself to him in the form of a maiden bright as the sun. In order to attain the highest sanctity, he submitted himself to most severe torture, and he was rewarded by the *Holy Child* appearing to him, and putting to his lips a vessel of spring water. At another time the *Blessed Virgin* gave him a draught from her own heart. Encouraged by these manifestations of divine favour, he persisted in a life of self-torture. At one time he wore constantly, night and day, a close-fitting shirt, in which had been fixed one hundred and fifty nails, the points turned inwards towards the flesh; and lest at any time he should be tempted to relieve himself, he clad his hands with gloves which were covered with sharp blades. At another time he carried between his shoulders a wooden cross perforated by thirty nails, the points of which rested against the skin. He pursued this system of mortification from his eighteenth to his fortieth year, and its gratefulness to the Divine Power was manifested by numerous heavenly visions and other instances of divine favour. He was permitted to hear the angelic host hymn the praises of the Highest, and often he has been comforted by angels, and been led by them in the spirit to join the celestial dance. "One day when thus surrounded in a vision, he asked a shining prince of heaven to show him the mode in which God had His secret dwelling in his soul. Then answered the angel—'Take a gladsoflook into thine inmost and see how God in thy living soul playeth His play of love.' Straightway I looked, and behold the body about my heart was as clear as crystal, and I saw the *Eternal Wisdom* calmly sitting in my heart in lovely wise, and close by that form of beauty, my soul, leaning on God, embraced by Him, and pressed to His heart, full of heavenly longing, transported, intoxicated with love."³

Suso declares that he wrote his *Horologe of Wisdom*, or *Book of the Eternal Wisdom*, which he finished in 1340, from inspiration; he himself, being "ignorant and passive, but under the immediate impulse and illumination of the Divine Wisdom."

At a period still less remote from us we find, among a host of canonized individuals, St. Catherine of Siena, whose holy life commenced with visions when she was but six years of age, and who was solemnly betrothed to our Lord not long after. "She is said to have shown a purity and inspiration in her poems which might have ranked with Dante and Petrarch. Here is divine inspiration—holy and miraculous power!"⁴

St. Hildegard may be cited as another example. She stands conspicuous among the canonized from the numerous visions with which she was favoured. As in the case of St. Catherine of Siena, the visions of Hildegard commenced in childhood. "In the third year of my life," she tells us, in a letter to the monk Wilbertus, "I beheld such a light that my soul trembled; but on account of my youth, I was unable to describe it. In my eight year I was admitted to spiritual communication with God; and till I was fifteen, I beheld many visions, which I related in my simplicity, and those who heard me were astonished, wondering from whence they could come. At that time I also felt surprised that while I saw internally with my soul, I also saw outwardly with my eyes; and as I never heard of a similar thing in others, I endeavoured to conceal my visions as much as possible. Many things of the world remained unknown to me on account of my continual ill-health, which, dating from my birth, weakened my body and destroyed my strength."

She was, in fact, confined to bed during the greater part of her life, and was subject to frequent cataleptic trances. At one time, being visited by the Abbot of Burgen while she was affected by one of these seizures, he endeavoured to move her head, but found all exertions vain, whereupon he pronounced her to be a divine prophetess. When, however, he commanded her to arise "In the name of God," she at once left her bed as if nothing had ever ailed her. She had reached maturity before the divine character of her visions was clearly manifested. "When I was twenty-four years and seven months of age, a fiery light coming from heaven filled my brain and influenced my heart—like a fire which burns not, but warms like the sun—and suddenly I had the power of expounding the Scriptures."

She thus describes, in the letter to Wilbertus, and in continuation of the paragraph which we have already quoted from it, the character of the seizures to which she was subjected:—

¹ *Eccles. Hist.* bk. iv. ch. 24.

² "It seemed to me that my body melted away, and became transparent. I saw very clearly within my breast the hachisch that I had eaten, under the form of an emerald, which emitted millions of little sparks."—*Moreau (de Tours) du Hachisch*, p. 21.

³ *Hours with the Mystics*. By R. A. Vaughan, B.A., vol. i. p. 290.

⁴ Quoted by Eusebius, *History of Magic*. Bohn's Ed., vol. i. p. 93.

"During one of these states of prostration, I asked my attendant if she saw anything besides the things of this world; she replied that she did not. Then a great fear seized upon me, and I dared not open my heart to any one; but during conversation I often spoke of future events; and when the visions were strong upon me, I said things which were unintelligible to those around me. When the strength of the vision was somewhat abated, I changed colour and began to weep, more like a child than a person of my age; and I should often have preferred to be silent had it been possible. Fear of ridicule, however prevented my saying anything; but a noble lady with whom I was placed noticed this, and told a nun who was her friend. After the death of this lady I had visions till my fortieth year, when, I was impelled in a vision, to make known that which I saw. I communicated this to my confessor—an excellent man. He listened willingly to these strange visions, and advised me to write them down and keep them secret, till I should see what they were, and whence they came. After he perceived that they came from God, he communicated them to his abbot, and gave me his aid in these things. In the visions I understood the writings of the prophets, the evangelists, and some holy philosophers, without human assistance. I explained much in these books, although I was scarcely able to distinguish the letters; I also sang verses to the honour of God without having had any instruction in singing—Having never ever learned a song. When these things became known to the churchset Mayence, they declared that these visions came from God, and by the gift of prophecy. Upon this my writings were placed before the Pope Eugene, when he was at Trier, who had them read aloud before many, and then sent me a letter begging me to commit my visions to writing."*

* Ennemoser, *Op. cit.*, vol. i. p. 96

TEXTS

These texts, it may be interesting to our readers to know were given to Mrs. Berry, by the spirit controlling her, using her finger and pointing to them with great rapidity. [Ed. S. T.]

"In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand."—Daniel, 5th. Chap., 5th. Verse.

"And he spake a parable unto them, to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—St. Luke, 18th. Chap., 1st. Verse.

"See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."—Hebrews, 12th. Chap 25th. Verse.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."—Revelation, 1st. Chap. 10th. Verse.

"Then he brought me back."—Ezekiel, 44 Chap., 1st. verse.

"When they shall go, I will spread my net upon them."—Hosea, 7th. Chap, 12th. verse.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecclesiastes, 11th. chap. 1st. verse.

"Now therefore make confession unto the Lord God of your fathers, and I do His pleasure."—Ezra, 10th. chap. 11th. verse.

"And this shall be a sign unto thee."—2nd. Kings, 19th. Chap. 29th. verse.

"For three things the earth is disquieted, and for four which it cannot bear."—Proverbs, 30th. chap. 21st. verse.

THE LEE PENNY.

It is a stone of a dark red colour and triangular shape, half an inch each side, set in a piece of silver coin, supposed to be a shilling of Edward I. According to the tradition, it cures all

diseases in cattle, and hydrophobia. A former owner of this coin, was prosecuted for witchcraft, "anent the superstitious using of a stone set in silver for the curing of diseased cattell, the custome being to cast the stone in some water, and give the diseased cattell thereof to drink, and the sam is done without using onie words, such as charmers and sorcerers use. But, considering that many things are seen to work strange effects, whereof no humane witt can give a reason, it having pleasit God to give unto stones and herbes special virtues for the healing of mony infirmities in man and beast, the brethren are advised to surcease their proces, as therein they perceive no ground of offence, and the said Laird, Sir James Lockhart, is advised in the using of the said stone, to tak heed, that it be used hereafter wit the least scandal as possibli may bee."

This prosecution occurred in the 17th century at Glasgow, at which time and later, even persons came from all parts of Scotland, and even from Yorkshire, to get the water in which the stone was dipped, and it was stated that at the last plague at Newcastle, the authorities sent for the coin to use it there, giving a bond for a large sum, in order to secure its return to the owner. Tradition states that this stone has been possessed by the Lee family, since the year 1320,—an ancestor of the family, Simon Lockhart of Lee, having obtained it from a saracen lady as part of the ransom of her husband. She told him of its many virtues, of a sanative character.

The writer of the above statement in Home's Faith Book, did not believe in the prophecy respecting Mr. Canning's stating it to be a mere hoax, there being nothing of the kind imputed to Nixon, who was not an astrologer, although one of that name did exist in this century.

C. C.

CORNUBIAN FESTIVAL, &c.

On the evening of 24th. June, it was, and may be still the custom to kindle large bon-fires, the country people on the next day amusing themselves with excursions on the water, probably the remains of the ancient festival of the Druids, who were numerous in Cornwall, where their monuments still remain in the shape of circular temples, cromlachs, cairns &c. Even in the eleventh century, Canute prohibited the worship of the heavenly bodies. The festival seems to have been inaugurated to implore the friendly influence of heaven on their fields. On the 1st of May, the Druids used to kindle large fires on the tops of their cairns in honour of Bel, or Belinus, the Sun, then increasing in power.

The "Bibliotheca Devoniensis," published at Exeter, in 1852 "the question of apparitions and of supernatural voices was considered" being a sermon occasioned by what followed the death of Ann Taylor, delivered in Steps meeting at Tiverton, 26th June, 1814. In this volume also was "a true relation of an apparition in the likeness of a bird with a white breast, that appeared hovering over the death beds of some of the children of Mr. Tames, Oxenham of Sale Monachorum Devon. Gentleman confirmed by sundry witnesses, as following in the ensuing treatise, 4th. London. 1641 B. M.

An engraved frontispiece is divided into four compartments, representing three persons in bed and a child in a cradle, over each of which is a bird hovering.

Beneath them are the following inscriptions:—

"John Oxenham Gent. aged 21, died with the apparition alone.

Witnesses Robert, Woodley and Humphry King." "Rebecca Oxenham aged 8, died with the same apparition, Witnesses, Eliz Anergie, widow, and Mary Stephens, Tomas in the wife of James Oxenham, this younger gentleman aged 22, died with ye like apparition. Witnesses, Elizabeth Frost and Joane Tucker.

Tomas in a child in a cradle, died with a like apparition. Witness, Eliz, Anergie, and Mary Stephens. Further particulars are mentioned on this subject, in Dr. Moggridge's Sidemouth, pp. 48."

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London, 25th. June 1866.

P. S. The custom of passing children through holed stones for cure of diseases still prevails, in Cornwall.

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